

BOMBPROOF

A Compendium of News, Authentic and Otherwise, of U. S. General Hospital No. 18

Vol. 1. No. 3

Waynesville, N. C., Aug. 3, 1918

Price 5 Cents

OVERSEAS NURSES TELL THEIR STORY

Interestingly Compare the British
and French With Ameri-
can Troops

Although most of the patients here have seen service abroad it is safe to say that few, if any, have had experiences as interesting as have two of our nurses just returned from "over there."

Miss Sherman, who for 10 months was with Base Hospital Unit No. 12 on detached service with the British army in France, says: "The 'Tommy' is a wonderful patient. His three years and better of heart-breaking experience in the filth and mud of Flanders and Picardy have caused to develop in him a spirit which cannot be broken by pain and privations. He comes down from the line for rest or medical treatment and is invariably appreciative of everything we do for him. Sometimes pathetically appreciative. Too, the 'Tommy,' almost to a man, seems to have been able to give up that spirit of independence so treasured by most men, and to have drawn a new spirit of independence from the common fire. The spirit to serve. Always in my ward I had two or more convalescent patients serving the other patients or working in the kitchen. Always cheerful. Always with a song or a joke."

"Tommy's" Love for "Blighty"

Miss Sherman then goes on to tell of their love for and constant mention of "Blighty," which to them means home. She tells of little "Irish," private in the Royal Irish Rifles. "Irish" had come down to the Base Hospital, after fighting the "Hun" before Cambrai, with a badly shattered hand. An explosive bullet had passed entirely through. After the rough field dressing had been removed little "Irish" looked up with a pathetic half smile, and asked "Sister, do you think it will give me a trip to

PATIENTS WIN

Shut Out Detachment in Well Played Game Wednesday

That the patients have a real ball team has been shown by the results of Wednesday's twilight five-inning fray with the Detachment men. That there is something lacking in the Medical Corps has also been demonstrated, for nary a run did the spiritless Detachment team make, the score being 4 to 0 for the Patients. Both twirlers pitched well, and pulled out of many a bad hole. Foley put up a fine exhibition of pitching for the winners, striking out 11 men and allowing only two hits, one of which was an infield hit by Archer who beat out Brannon's throw to first.

It happened in this wise: Miles, for the Detachment, grounded out, Wahl to Allen. McBride struck out. Weitzen worked Foley for a free trip to first, where he died while Kantz fanned. For the Patients, Wahl struck out, and Brannon lifted a high foul fly to Archer. Stevens, too, popped to Miles, who muffed an easy chance. He stole second and came home on Allen's single to right. Cope land grounded out to Weitzen.

The second inning opened with a single by Archer, who immediately stole second. Fisher fanned, but Leach was safe on an error by Fix who had replaced Wahl at second base. Leach stole second and Gilhausen walked, filling the bases. With the cushions crowded Foley tightened and struck out the next two men—Fowler and Miles. Frutrelle hit safely, and Fix reached first on an error, while their teammates—Hass, Foley and Wahl—were sent back to the bench via the struck-out route.

Except for Norton's hit in the third, the Detachment team went out in one, two, three order thereafter. In the Patients' half of the third, Brannon reached first on an error by Fisher, and continued on home while Stevens and Allen were thrown out on grounders to Norton and Fisher. The Patients sent across two more runs in the fourth. Frutrelle hit safe-

GREASBALL MINSTRELS DRAW MUCH APPLAUSE

Exce'lent Entertainment in Mess Hall
of Hospital Thursday Evening
Please Large Audience

Thursday even'ng the Mess Hall of the main Hospital building was packed full of patients, detachment men, nurses, officers and guests. At the request of Major Davis, Pvt. Kalmuk, otherwise known as Greaseball, organized a minstrel company from the patients in Ward V. About half the men were colored, while the other half were fixed up for the occasion. Each man, of the fourteen, was dressed in a spotless white uniform, and around the neck each one wore a large red bow tie. Every man carried his razor and was p'nty willing to show it.

"Pearl White" Cox and Raymond Henry were end men and very creditably acted their parts. Charlie Siebert was well received in his eccentric dancing. Henry gave several good solo selections, and brought the house down when he sang "I Don't Want to Get Well." A quartet from the minstrels sang "There's a Long Long Trail Awinding" and other popular songs.

The boys were ably assisted in their program by Miss Keener, one of our nurses, who recited a humorous sketch. Mr. Charles Davis, Jr., and Mr. Austin Davis, sons of Major Davis, who kindly consented to take part, pleased everyone with their selection on the ukalele and guitar. Miss Alsoeph, of the nurses of the Nurses' Corps here at the Hospital, rendered "The Sunshine of Your Smile" and "Joan of Arc."

This is the first effort which has been made by the enlisted men at the Hospital to give an entertainment. The fact that it was so well received by the audience makes it a certainty that there will be many more entertainments to follow.

Pvt. Kalmuk deserves much credit

**OVERSEAS NURSES
TELL THEIR STORY**
(Continued from First Page)

'Blighty'?" Soon he was sent to "Blighty" but not before he had won the affectionate friendship of everyone in the ward. Some weeks later Miss Sherman received a characteristically worded letter from somewhere in Great Britain. "Irish" had written to tell her that his hand had been amputated, but that he was "still the same old 'Irish.'"

Not only can Miss Sherman tell many stories illustrative of the humor and pathos of the trench and camp, but has been enabled to build up a remarkable background on which to view the war in its larger aspects. Being stationed in a British General Hospital in the midst of a great modern war camp and within four kilos (about three miles) of Bo'ougne her opportunity was exceptional. Surrounding the camp were many historic and picturesque villages and localities. Incorporated in the camp itself were parade and drill grounds where the modern practice of war is taught. Here the trench, dug-out, machine gun emplacement, bomb-field, sapper's tunnel, concreted shell hole, strong point, etc., are constructed. Here the "Anzacs," Canadians, Kilted Scots and perhaps a few of His Majesty's Hindoo troops, may be seen absorbed in learning all the finer points of their common profession—war.

Close to the hospital is located a great munition dump, which has frequently become a target for the "Gotha." On one occasion 14 planes of the enemy came over and though "aiming" at the dump they succeeded in wrecking a large Canadian hospital close by, and killing over 300 of the personnel and patients.

Americans Brigaded with War Veterans

This very interesting young lady also tells of seeing our own soldiers pouring into France early this spring and of how they were being brigaded with the best of the armies of Britain and France. American soldiers from Texas, from Maine and from California being distributed over the length of the battle line, fight shoulder to shoulder with the "Tommy" and with the "Poilus."

Inspiring as it must be to watch and study a perfectly adjusted organization, so stupendous as is the British war machine in France; still how much more inspiring must it be to watch develop an organization potentially even greater? Our own war machine, the American steam-roller.

WOULD-BE MARINE COULDN'T POSSIBLY SAY "SURRENDER"

A typical 100 per cent American applied at the Knoxville marine recruiting office Thursday for enlistment. After passing the physical examination Sergt. Lewis Johnson broke the sad news to him that he was likely to be rejected because he stuttered.

"S-s-say, what do you w-w-want m-m-me to do," sputtered the would-be 'first fighter,' "m-m-make a speech to the k-k-kaiser?"

Before Sergt. Johnson could gasp a reply the applicant continued.

"If y-yuh want f-f-fighters that's me, 'n I can l-lick any son-of-a-gun in this office that says I c-c-can't. Listen. If y-yuh was to ever get me excited I couldn't say 's-s-s-surrender' to the whole Hun a-army."

Miss Deeks, with 12 months of service abroad to her credit, has watched our forces in France grow from a few scattered Hospital Units and a handful of Headquarters troops to the perfected and formidable army now actively operating "over there."

French Also Stoic Under Pain

Early last summer our government through arrangement with the French government took over a large permanent military hospital in a district which has since become the center of great American activities. In this hospital the McKay-Roosevelt Unit, of which Miss Deeks was a member, was stationed. At first the patients were French. Stoic under pain, appreciative, and characteristically polite. They too had caught the war spirit.

Speaking of the wonderful feeling which animates the Allied armies in France, Miss Deeks says: "When we landed in France we were simply swamped with war. We lived, ate and slept war. The spirit soon fills one. We suffered with France, and when our own boys started to come down from up in front, some suffering from trench maladies, others 'gassed,' and with a sprinkling too of battle casualties, then we came to live for war."

Turning to the bright'er side, Miss Deeks told of the beauty of the country. The wonderful valley of the Marne, with its little villages, nestling close to that famous river. N'ce, Monte Carol, and the French Riviera were also mentioned as enjoyable places in which to spend a furlough.

Can we wonder that our nurses on domestic duty are so eager to see service "over there."

Personal Mention

Capt. Wilcox delivered the address before the graduates of the Waynesville City Hospital Nurses Training School Tuesday evening.

Pvt. George Parkinson, who returned just last week from a furlough, expects to be transferred to duty soon, and will have charge of a recruiting station at 526 State street, Chicago, Ill.

On Monday Joseph Tracey received an honorable discharge from the army and left at once for his home in East Superior, Wis. He formerly was a member of Co. E, 35th Engineers.

Capt. and Mrs. Winslow left Waynesville last week for Newport News, Va., where Capt. Winslow will be stationed at the Embarkation Hospital, connected with Camp Stuart. Capt. Winslow was very popular among the officers and men here and Mrs. Winslow was well known among the best people in town.

The following men left on furlough Tuesday. It will be noticed that two of the men have 3,000 miles to travel each way. Thomas J. Dickson, Roxie, Miss.; Leslie E. Warburg, Lee, Ill.; Frank Gates, Everton, Wash.; Joseph L. Anderson, West Salem, Wis., and J. S. Ginder, Collville, Wash.

An incident of singular note occurred here last week. One of the officer patients received during the week was Lieut. Chas. E. Walker, of Ripley, Tenn., who has been in the hospital service in France for about a year. His father, Dr. C. B. Walker, has been here for some weeks with another son, who had also been to France and had been sent here for treatment. He had been distressed for some time at not having heard from his officer son. When Lieut. Walker arrived, he was surprised to find his brother and father here and they were overjoyed to see him.

Perfectly Clear

A small English boy was asked: "How is it your father always wins money when he plays cards, but invariably loses when he backs horses?"

Very promptly came the reply:

"Please, Sir, father can't shuffle the horse."—Boston Transcript.

SIFTON WRITES TO THE BOYS

Is Having the Time of His Life
in Chicago

Chicago, Ill., Monday.

Hello Men:

Well, men, "I'm hum." Got into Chi last night. They had the folks and the' folks they knew, and then their kiddies, etc., there to meet me. So I got off the train with a girl who was going to be a Red Cross nurse, and I said "Good Luck" to her and we shook hands and she left.

Then came the deluge. Wowie! It was terrible. You see I'd left Waynesville at noon Saturday, traveled in day coaches all night, which is bad for the complexion, and boiled for three endless hours in Cincinnati.

Well, to get back.—Finally the "Howdys" were over and a man asked for my baggage check. I hated to do it but he insisted so I gave in and handed him it. The baggage was my barrack bag, full of worn-out hobnails, big books and a few clothes, total weight about 150 pounds. The man came back just as we were getting in the car, dumped the bag in, said something hard in a soft voice, and started mopping his face. At last we got started away from Twelfth Street station. We went roiling up Michigan Boulevard and pretty soon some cars drew along side and the girls in them began to wave and giggle and shout "Welcome Home." I couldn't figure it out for a couple of blocks and then I began to figure there must be a sign on the back of the car. I got out and went around in back and there it was, just like a Yiddish wedding, "Back from Fiance." Well, I took the sign off and put it inside my shirt, for fear they'd hang it up on the house or something worse.

Got to cut this short to make a luncheon engagement with the Majestic for the Matinee.

By the way, I didn't get up until 9:30.

And the girls—well, men I can tell you more next week about 'em.

Here's Hoping,
Sifton.

Most North Carolina boys and girls know that "khaki" is the kind of cloth from which army uniforms are made, but the word proved too much for the best spellers in a school in Pennsylvania. Forty-nine out of 50 words were spelled correctly, but the whole class misspelled the name of the soldiers' uniform.

OBITUARY

Red + Cross

New Building Going Up Soon

Mr. J. F. Cowan, of the Bureau of Military Relief, Atlanta, Ga., was here last Saturday to complete arrangements for the erection of the Red Cross building. He went over the plans with Major Davis, the commanding officer, Lieut. Harmon, the quartermaster, and Mr. Allen, the Red Cross director, and final plans were agreed upon. The house will be erected on a site selected near the tent colony, and will contain an auditorium for entertainments and church services, an office, a store room, a library and reading room, rest rooms, and toilets. It will be fully equipped with all the necessary furniture and fixtures, including a moving picture outfit, and will be a place convenient for the entertainment of the men connected with the hospital.

Mr. Allen, the Red Cross director, has issued a card reading as follows:

"To Patients and Detachment Men:—Gentlemen: Family needs worry and undermine the morale of men. Do your home people write to you about allotments and allowances, insurance, debt, rents, sickness, or any kind of trouble? Let the Red Cross help in these matters. Its ears are ever open; its patience is never frazzled; its resources are limited only by the boundaries of American wealth; its guarantee is the heart throbs of an army of 22,000,000 men and women. See or send for W. C. Allen, Red Cross representative."

Y. M. C. A. ACTIVITIES

The melodious sound of a Victrola and the laughter that one hears now days does not come from a house party over on Richland Creek but from our new Y. M. C. A. "shack."

Under the efficient direction of Mr. Park and Mr. Beckett, assigned to duty at this post, a temporary building has been erected, occupied, and what is more, fitted out with all the good things usually found in these centers of military activity. Writing paper, magazines and games are there in abundance. If these fail to satisfy, take your grouch out on the Victrola—those new records will do the work.

"A larger and more completely equipped building will soon be ready for use, but don't wait for it to be finished before you start enjoying the benefits of this one," says Mr. Park.

Last Monday, July 30, Sgt. Ralph J. Wadsworth departed this life. The Angel of Death does not often visit our Hospital and Camp considering the number of patients and enlisted men making up its personnel. He was well prepared to meet his Creator. The Very Rev. Chaplain twice administered to him the sacraments of the dying, and he frequently expressed the desire that the end might come.

Sgt. Wadsworth was born in Pennsylvania, lost at an early age both of his parents and was subsequently educated in the Catholic orphanage near Buffalo, N. Y. He enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1911 and was sent to the Mexican border where he spent the following three years. On June 24th, 1917, he landed in France where he was in active duty as Quartermaster Sergeant Quartermaster Corps. During the winter he was admitted into one of our hospitals in France. On returning to the United States he was sent to Waynesville and was one of the first inmates of General Hospital No. 18. His death was exceedingly peaceful. The mortal remains were forwarded to Erie, Pa., and Pvt. Samuel Grossman was detailed to accompany them. The solemn funeral service took place Friday, August 2, in Erie. The deceased is survived by three brothers; one of them, Mr. Roy Wadsworth, only recently visited him.

MEN TO BE PAID THIS MONTH

Lieut. Lewis, the registrar, states that all men in the hospital will be paid this month, whether their service records are here or not. There are over 40% of the patients whose service records have not turned up here yet. For these men a temporary service record is being made and they will be paid for the time they have been in this hospital only. Each man will be asked to make a statement of the amount of insurance, allotments, and Liberty Bonds he is carrying and this sum will be deducted from his pay.

Improvements?

"Since the local-option law went into effect we have had to remodel our golf-club house."

"What for?"

"Well, we used to build the men's lockers to hold nothing but clubs, but now we have to enlarge them for bottles."—Life.

BOMB PROOF
Published by and for the Enlisted Personnel of U. S. Gen. Hospital 18

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1918

We sympathetically appreciate the disappointment, unrest, and impatience of our soldiers returned to Blighty on account of sickness, but he who has lost his health in service is as much a hero as he who has stopped a bullet or absorbed an overdose of shrapnel.

This war is based on a monstrous pyramid, founded on the unceasing effort of every soul in this country, whose majestic apex-projecting three thousand miles into France-represents only the cutting edge. Each of us at home, sick, well or wounded, must do his bit to support the mighty fabric. Those among us who have had the inspiration over Overseas should impart it to all so that we may acquire the glorious spirit of the French and become only the more determined by every reverse.

WAYNESVILLE'S TREATMENT OF THE MEN IN UNIFORM

Ever since the Hospital was opened here early in May the treatment of the men in uniform by the people of Waynesville has been magnificent. Many of the patients and detachment men are from the North. They had

heard much about the hospitality of the Southerners before they came here. Now they are learning of just what that hospitality consists. They find that it exceeds any idea of hospitality that they have ever experienced heretofore.

The kindness of the people has been manifested in many ways. Do we take it all as a matter of course? Or do we really appreciate what they are doing for our comfort and entertainment? We know that the latter is the case. Those of us who have thought at all on the subject have become convinced that there are very few places like Waynesville. We also realize that there are very few towns which have the kind of people in them that we find right here. We hope that if the opportunity ever comes, we will be able to repay them in some way for all they have done for us.

All the considerations that led America to accept the selective draft as a method of raising armies argue for the extension of the draft ages to the limits of full physical efficiency. Between the ages of 31 and 45 there are vast numbers of men who are just as well qualified for military service as the younger men now subject to the draft. A greater proportion of this age group have dependents, or are performing essential services in their present employments, but this situation is satisfactorily cared for in the selective principles of the law. There are many hundreds of thousands of men above 31 who except for the accident of age would be placed in the first class of the draft. Since that class is now practically exhausted, justice demands that the age limit be raised rather than that we should proceed to draw from the latter classes under the existing law.
—The New Republic.

The Camp Fire girls have extended a hearty invitation to the boys to visit their delightful Camp near the Lake. Get busy, boys!

This is a paper of the enlisted man, for the enlisted man, and by the enlisted man, and we hope, will not soon perish from the earth. It will be his mouthpiece and official organ for the report and discussion of all local doings, sports and activities of all sorts and he will be free to voice his patriotism, hopes, fears, opinions, joys, woes, and complaints—providing the same are not subversive of military discipline and loyalty to the service.

According to recent instructions from Atlanta, the Waynesville Chapter of the Red Cross will in future direct all their efforts toward supplying the needs of the hospital here for articles in the Red Cross line, which is a very convenient and economical arrangement.

ONE ON FINN

Dad Thinks He Sees a Ghost

Some of the boys in the tents are still laughing at the old Irish in "Dad" Finn. Returning to his tent about 8:30 one night last week, he called one of the boys and asked him if he believed in ghosts. He said he had just seen one sitting out under the trees and swore he had seen him some place in the hospital before he died. His interested listener asked Finn if he had been drinking any moonshine that day, and "Dad" in his most delicate Irish swore that nothing more intoxicating than egg-nog had passed his lips that day.

While the conversation was going on something was seen approaching the tent and Finn lowering his voice to a whisper pointed to it and said; "Sh. Here it comes, now. Can you see it?" But when the apparition got to the tent it only happened to be Private Keyes coming back from a furlough. Dad had to ask him for a match before being convinced that it was not a ghost.

This will be a red hot patriotic sheet and our war cries will be "Kill the Hun" and "Win the War."

SOLDIERS OF THE U. S. A. The Royal Cafe

can and will give the best EATS in town at REASONABLE PRICES. Or we will make up lunches and send them out.

PHONE ORDERS TAKEN

Opp. Depot

Phone 63

Waynesville, N. C.

Detachment Smiles

It is easy enough to smile when life goes along like a song,

But the man worth while, is the man with a smile when everything goes dead wrong.

* * *

Did you see the ball game last Saturday?

* * *

Some of the Bright Features
Shorty Leach getting a hit.
Sgt. Cunningham catching.
McBride after striking out.
Capt. Wilcox umpiring.
The Non-Coms losing and not explaining.

No free-for-all fights.
Kaczmaick trying to throw in the vicinity of second base.

* * *

Did you get a cot?—
* * *

Favorite song of those who did—
“It’s nice to get up in the morning,
but it’s neicer to lie in bed.”

* * *

Overheard up on Main street: Say, I got a pass for tonight (joyously).
Oh, have you? Well, what are you going to do with it?
Gee, I never thought of that (not joyously).



M. P.’s take notice. Robinson, the famous Quartermaster singer (no not Crusce—Caruso), says: “I got a date with a nice girl tonight somewhere between Main street and 8 o’clock.”

* * *

Some of the little fellows wonder how a great big fellow like Sergeant Fischer or Sammy Grossman fill up a hospital cot.

* * *

We’d like to see Doc Wechsler on the ball field. Some boy, is Doc?—

* * *

Corp. Gebhart—“I’m raising a military mustache. What color do you suppose it’s going to be?”

Corp. Sweet—“Gray, I should judge, at the rate it’s growing.”

Her Worries

A young woman on a street car was discussing the war with a man, and was lamenting the fact that it was necessary to take all the young men into the army.

“Why,” she said, “before long we girls will outnumber the boys, here at home, ten to one. I don’t know what we are going to do.”

“I don’t think it will be as bad as you anticipate,” replied her friend. “If that is all that is worrying you, you can have a Boy Scout or a G. A. R.”—Indianapolis News.

The Waynesville and Annex

Pharmacies

M. H. REEVES, Proprietor

PHONES 1 and 16

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

We take great pride in our two drug stores—not vain pride, but the kind of pride that makes us use every endeavor to please our customers and to make them the best and most reliable drug stores in town.

For instance—take our system of checking when we fill a prescription; it is made up just exactly as it is called for and with a care that precludes all possibilities of error.

Our perfumes, toilet accessories, soaps, powders, and similar articles are sufficient to supply all demands.

Our Royal Ice Cream Parlor—the finest in the state—and our soda fountains at both places are strictly sanitary.

We appreciate the patronage of all.

GREASEBALL'S GROANS

Pvt. Henry, the poet of motion, says if Pvt. Meyers don't lay off, he will chase him until he finds a new street.

* * *

Pvt. Strickland, the incinerator engineer, wants to be more careful where he bids his lady friend "Good night." M. P.'s have eyes, Dan.

* * *

Pvt. Gerald Duval Foley was seen out carriage riding holding an umbrella over a horse's tail. When asked why, Dinny replied: "I was told not to let the rein get on this horse's tail for fear he would run away."

* * *

Be careful Dinny, horses carry tails, and corn has ears.

* * *

Clementine, your lover has came.

* * *

When anything is broke at the nurses' quarters Pvt. Baines always watches Pvt. Fix it.

* * *

Saier is getting so thin he don't eat olives for fear they will show and only for his Adam's apple he would have no shape at all.

* * *

Scene: Waynesville Pharmacy.

Place: Main street.

Cast of characters: MacCormack, Clements, Allen, McCants and lady friends.

Clerk—"What do you wish?"

Mac—"Do you have to wish for it here?"

Allen—"Cogn—, Oh, I mean chocolate."

Clements—"I believe I'll have some Tipton dope."

When in Town

get your lunch here. A good meal at a low price. We also handle groceries. Your trade appreciated.

Whitehouse Cafe

J. R. Whitehouse, Prop.
Depot Street

McCants—"One Doc Liner special."

Girls, (al ltogether)—"Four banana Royals" (while the clerk cast his Theta Bara's on Mac).

Allen—"How much are banana Royals?"

Clerk—"Two bits a smash."

Allen—"Give them "Coca-Cola."

* * *

Corp. Berkowitz, from the Bronx, asked Pvt. Dan Clark why he didn't finish up his detail in a hurry.

Clark answered, "Rome wasn't built in a day."

Berkowitz replied, "Well, I wasn't a corporal then."

* * *

An awful accident happened to Corp. Berkowitz. Someone asked him to have a cigarette and he didn't hear the fellow. Zowie!

* * *

Pvt. Copeland trying to give a few cowboy exhibitions is now sporting a pair of crutches.

* * *

Pvt. Bert Keyes has a baseball moustache—nine hairs on each side. Corp. Gebhart take notice; he has you beat by a hair.

* * *

Pvt. Bibleback Boucher says you can have more fun in Hazelwood by accident than you can in Waynesville on purpose. Sour grapes. Chief.

* * *

Pvt. Warburg is falling away to an elephant. Some size.

* * *

Pvt. Cleland says his girl spends considerable money paying dressmaking bills.

We suggest you marry the dressmaker, Slim.

* * *

Jane Mitchell and Fay Henry: Here are your names in print, your life's ambition.

* * *

Wanted—A young lady to sew buttons on the fourth floor of a shirt waist factory.—(Adv.)

* * *

Corp. Sweet is credited with having a very good head. Not for the barber business, Corp.

For Sale—A piano by a young lady with mahogany legs.—(Adv.)

* * *

WAR

The young officer was very cocky in his new uniform, so much so that he failed to see the chair in his path. His wife came running to find him nursing a bruised shin.

"Oh, George," she cried. "That's just too bad. Does it hurt terribly?"

"Go away, woman," he insisted grandly. "What do you know of war?"

THE SPOILS OF THE WAR

Kiltie—"Are you the fellow that dragged me oot of a shell hole under fire?"

Member of the Ambulance Corps (modestly)—"Oh, that's all right."

Kiltie—"Oh, it is, is it? Weel then, what did ye do with ma pipe?"

POLITICS AT HOME

"Do you believe in women holding office?" asked the bachelor.

"Sure I do," said the married man. "I'm going to run my wife for Congress on her knack of introducing oills into the house."

THE IDEAL MEMORY

Friend—"Your husband has an awfully well trained memory, hasn't he?"

Wife—"I should say he has! He can manage to forget almost anything that he doesn't want to tell me."

ADOLPHUS GUESSES

Pleasant Polly (entertaining big sister's beau)—"Oh, Adolphus, guess what Father said about you last night!"

Adolphus—"I haven't an idea in the world."

Pleasant Polly—"Oh, shame! You listened."

PALMER HOUSE

MRS. L. B. PALMER

PIGEON STREET

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

A COMMUNICATION

We learn with deep regret that in some instances our Baptist people have been misunderstood in their attitude toward our soldiers. We wish emphatically to disavow any sentiments seeming to reflect upon them in any way, and assure our boys of our warm esteem and friendship. Our soldiers will find a cordial welcome in our church, its various organizations, and in our homes. We should greatly appreciate an opportunity to render any service to any one at the hospital. Signed:

Rev. A. V. Joyner,
Pastor First Baptist Church.

SUNDAY SERVICES

Rev. W. B. West, pastor of the Methodist church, will conduct religious services at 3 o'clock in front of the main hospital building tomorrow afternoon.

Father Felix, the Catholic priest in charge at the hospital, will hold mass in the lobby of the Annex at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Buy War Savings Stamps.



For His Country

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT—France, July 14, 1918

(By MINNA IRVING)

It was morning and Sunday he mounted his plane
And took like an arrow the speedway of blue;
Over trenches and dugouts and shell scarred terrain
And the Kaiser's gray legions he daunted sly fl. w.
The son of his father cou'd never know fear;
And he rose like a bird to the German attack,
And his comrades beheld him at last disappear
In a billowy cloud on the aerial track.

They listened in vain for the beat of his wings
Returning at dusk to the long allied line;
But night hawks and owls were the only live things
That soared in the moonlight's pale shimmer and shine.
"We will send," said the airmen, "an escort of Huns
To follow brave Quentin aloft in the skies."
So, behold! they are rapidly notching their guns
And sparing no Fokker or Gotha that flies!

The hangar is dark whence he wheeled his machine
And exultantly answered the call of the air,
But his country is keeping his memory green
With laurels of glory unfailingly fair.
A gallant young spirit adventuring far,
In spaces eternal he wanders at will;
So a scintillant, golden and glorious star
Is shining tonight over Sagamore Hill!

WAYNESVILLE HARDWARE CO.

WISHES EVERY SOLDIER BOY

sojourning in Waynesville may enjoy his stay here; that some of them will like our beautiful mountain country well enough to never leave it.

We do not ask them to do anything for us but DO ask them to call on us for any favor we can do them.

Bless them! May they live long and prosper.

W. T. DENTON, Mgr.

The White Guard

A Department Written By and for the Nurses

The past week brought several mournful changes to "No Man's Hut." Miss Britt and Miss Branch, two of the first A. N. C. members to break camp at No. 18, were called away for service over there.

This is the first break in the corps of 34 nurses, who, four months ago were scattered far and wide over the states. Four months seems a short time but it has proven long enough for the same 34 to form strong friendships which these sudden partings will in no way lessen.

Both nurses were very popular and we miss them sadly. Our love and good wishes follow them on their journey.

Wanted—A Man Behind the Guns

Who will volunteer for sentry duty at the new guard house just erected between the "Nurses' Bungalow" and "I Should Worry Lodge?" (Which is the name assigned to the ward for sick nurses on the Smathers property). None but the old, and ill-favored (if any such there be) need apply.—The Idler.

Much ado about gymnastics these days. The coming week may witness 30 figures clad in a new uniform—swaddling middies and bloomers—all sizes and shapes represented. By the time the promised pool is ready, 30 "Venus" will be in mermaidish trim. Q, Splash!

Miss Stringfield entertained the nurses Sunday evening with a Victrola concert, which was thoroughly enjoyed. This is only one of the many kindnesses which this good neighbor has bestowed upon us. Her Overland can be seen any evening loaded with sight-seeing nurses.

A new guard house has been erected on the nurses' premises, and, sad to relate, three inmates have already been installed therein. Miss Wheeler, Miss Williams and Miss Smith are the victims. The cause? I have heard that a pair of blue eyes had something to do with it. Of course we do not feel that any mistake has been made in picking the culprits, but what puzzles us is—"How did Miss Waters escape?"

Has anyone an extra rogue for Jimmy's Gallery?

Bets are now being registered on the coming big event: Bout between "Illinois Red" and "Freckles from Jersey." "Red" is being backed by the C. O. and "Freckles" by the Chief.

Inquisitive people of Ward Three wish to know whose son it is that Miss McKinley wants to say "Good Morning" to at Eagle's Nest. We dare them to ask the tiniest nurse, herself.

Our genial Scotch nurse, Miss Forbes, can be found most any time now on the third floor looking out the window over the broad expanse of mountains. She says they remind her of her old home in the "Highlands."

Say, Judy! Have you seen the Waynesville paper? There's an item in it that reads:

"Notice — Nurses attending the dances at the Gordon Hotel are requested not to dance with the same officer more than twelve times. This applies to auburn-tinted individuals."

Buy War Savings Stamps.

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PRICES 10 and 20 Cents

NOTICE

The members of the staff of the "Boomproof" greatly appreciate the aid which has been given them by the people of Waynesville in subscribing and advertising in their paper. With the next issue the subscriptions expire. We do not want the townspeople to feel that they are compelled to subscribe to the paper to help the soldiers out. We do not intend that our paper shall get subscribers by pleading that we need the money. There will be no more house-to-house canvassers visiting you and if you think that the paper has been of enough interest to you for you to continue your subscription you are invited to sign the following blank. Give it to the newsboy next week when he delivers your paper or mail it to Pvt. R. N. Kalmuk, care of the Hospital. On receipt of this our circulation manager will visit you to collect your subscription money.

I hereby agree to subscribe to "Boomproof" for.....months at the rate of 20 cents per month delivered or 30 cents per month mailed to any address.

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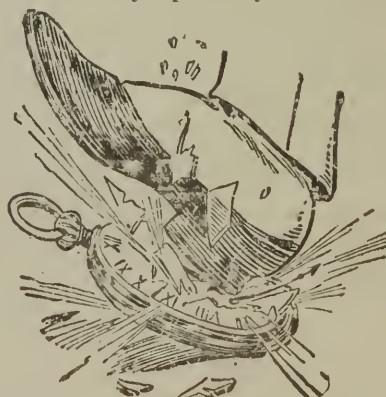
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THE CORPS MAN'S LAMENT

I was tired and weary of living,
I had tasted of life to its brim;
There was nothing new to excite me,
Nothing to venture or win.

When war with its horrors appalling
Broke out, the call came for men.
I answered and rushed to the colors;
"Twas nothing but just the right
thing.

Enlisting just like others,
I found with a little chagrin,
My valet and footman were sergeants;
And I had to take orders from
them.

Assigned to a ward as its master;
It simply was just the worst sting;
For nurses—just women—they bossed
me.
Did I have to take orders from
them?

My mother, God bless her; she wrote
me—
"My boy, be a man among men,
My thoughts, they are always about
you.

I see you so pale and so thin.
"Do you sleep in the trenches or
don't you?

Are you out in the rain and the
wind?
Have you plenty of clothing about
you?
I see you just muddy and grim."

Now, how can I answer that letter,
And say I am safe as can be,
Three thousand miles back of the
trenches

Just boiling some water for tea.
—M. M. Gear.

**GREASEBALL MINSTRELS
DRAW MUCH APPLAUSE**
(Continued from First Page)

for getting the show so well organized
in such a short time. Major Davis
has already partially consented to letting
the boys give the same program
in Waynesville, and perhaps later
they may be allowed to make a trip
to Asheville. All money made over
expenses would be turned over to the
athletic department of the Y. M. C. A.
and with this money uniforms would
be purchased for the post baseball
team.

Another Bluff

"He married a beautiful Japanese
girl."

"Indeed?"

"One of the geisha girls."

"I know the family. When I was
in Japan I knew old man Geisha very
well."

INDIAN JOE

Through the influence of our local
Y. M. C. A. secretary, "Indian Joe,"
a Pawnee from Oklahoma, treated the
patients of this Hospital to a gratuitous
performance on Wednesday last. His efforts were well received
and much appreciated. Deserving of
special mention were the slight-of-hand
tricks and a demonstration of
what can be done with the lariat.
The whole entertainment showed the
results of much practice and the conduct
of the performer proves a long and intimate association with the
public.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The management of Lake Junaluska
uses a cordial invitation to all
soldiers and nurses in uniform to
make use of their grounds any time
they may wish. If they are in uniform
they will be admitted free of
charge to any of the meetings of the
Southern Assembly, and will be allowed
to take advantage of the wonderful
fishing out at the Lake without
paying the customary fee which is
charged civilians.

HAVE YOU NOTICED—

How the fellows like to jab at our
fish.

The nifty leggins on the corps men.
Who has two bars on his shoulder
now.

Who is wearing khaki now.
What a dry climate this is.
That Sweeny smokes nothing but
Melachrinoes.

That Capt. Graham always wears
leggins to match his shoes.

How Nurse Cloland hated to have
her name in "Bombproof."

The sk'ny legs on Warburg.
Bloomer writing a book on trench
life.

TWO SOLDIERS HELD

Court-martial Convicts Wadsworth
Private and Sergeant

Spartanburg, S. C.—Private Chas.
B. Bates, medical detachment, Fifty-third Pioneer Infantry, has been tried by court-martial at Camp Wadsworth on the charge of being absent without leave and sentenced to serve five years at hard labor. This was the third time that he had been convicted. His sentence was reduced by Brigadier-General Guy Carleton to two years.

Sergt. George W. Kaiser, Company D, Fifty-third Pioneer Infantry, has been tried on the charge of failing to obey an order to go on guard duty. The court sentenced him to be reduced to the ranks and to serve one year's imprisonment. General Carleton ordered the prison term reduced to six months.—"The State," Columbia, S.C.

NAVY LEAGUE NOTES

At a call meeting of the Navy League held Tuesday afternoon, July 20, the following officers were elected for the year: Mrs. R. L. Allen, president; Mrs. Etta Wyche, first vice-president; Miss Jessie Rogers, second vice-president; Miss Nannette Jones, secretary-treasurer; Miss Amelia McFadyen, recording secretary.

Beginning Monday, August 5, the Navy League rooms will be open every evening during the week—excepting Sunday, from 7 until 10 o'clock, instead of three evenings a week as heretofore. Attractive hostesses and assistants have been secured for each evening, and we hope to make the rooms more pleasant and enjoyable than ever for our soldier boys.

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Everything that a soldier desires is found at this store—CIGARS, CANDIES and SOFT DRINKS always on hand.

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Strategy

What did Foch do?

For months and months he painstakingly added to his reserves until he had amassed a potent force.

Opportunity came—Foch was ready. He struck hard.—He is winning.

Are YOU amassing dollar reserves? When opportunity comes will YOU be ready to strike?

Follow Foch! Start piling up YOUR reserves in a savings account at this bank.

Bank of Waynesville

THE OLDEST BANK IN WESTERN N. C.

PATIENTS WIN

(Continued from First Page)

ly again, and came home on Hass' two-bagger. Hass took third on the throw in to the plate and scored on a passed ball. Fix drew a pass, stole second, took third on an error by Gilhausen in centre, but was out at the plate when Foley tapped to Fisher. Wahl and Brannon relieved the Detachment from further humiliation by whiffing at Archer's speed.

The score:

Patients:	Ab	R	Bh	Sb	Po	A	E
Wahl, 2b., lf.	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Brannon, 3b.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Stevens, c.	2	1	0	1	11	0	0
Allen, 1b.	2	0	1	1	4	0	0
Copeland, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Frytelle, cf.	2	1	2	2	0	0	1
Hass, ss.	2	1	1	0	0	1	0
Fix, lf., 2b.	1	0	0	2	0	1	1
Foley, p.	2	0	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	19	4	4	7	15	3	2
Detachment:	Ab	R	Bh	Sb	Po	A	E
Miles, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	2
McBride, c.	3	0	0	0	7	0	0
Weitzen, 1b.	1	0	0	0	4	0	0
Kantz, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Norton, 2b.	1	0	1	1	0	1	0
Archer, p.	2	0	1	1	1	0	0
Fisher, ss.	2	0	0	0	0	2	1
Leach, lf.	2	0	0	1	0	0	0
Gilhausen, cf.	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Fowler, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	18	0	2	3	12	3	4
Patients	1	0	1	2	x—4		
Detachment	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Summary: Two-base hit—Hass. Left on bases—Patients, 4; Detachment, 5. First base on errors—Patients, 3; Detachment, 1. Bases on balls—Patients, 1; Detachment, 2. Struck out—By Foley, 11; by Archer, 6. Passed balls—McBride, 2. Umpire—Capt. Wilcox. Time—1:10.

Town Boys Play Good Ball

The Waynesville baseball team was very poorly entertained by a scrub army team in a seven-inning game on Thursday afternoon. The score was something like 17 to 1. Capt. Alley's team know how to play the game, and could easily give our best nine a mighty interesting game. Bombproof would like to see such a game arranged. How about it? Our post nine can play only after supper during the week or on Saturday afternoons.

THE PRIVATES TRIUMPH!

How those Privates did toss the ball last Saturday afternoon in their second five-inning clash with the Non-Coms. Neither team was ab'e to muster out its full strength, owing to the large amount to be done at the hospital. The Privates, however, got back at their superiors for the trouncing they received on July the 4th. The victors clicked off eight bingles in the five innings, one of them a three-bagger by Catcher Kaczmark, while the Non-Coms were held to four hits by Miles, who used his X-ray methods to perfection.

The score:

Non-Coms	AB	R	H	Sb	Po	A	E
Cunningham, c.	2	0	0	2	13	0	0
McBride, p., ss.	3	1	2	2	0	1	1
Marcason, 1b.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Hughey, 2b.	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
McClain, 3b.	3	2	0	2	1	1	0
Leach, ss., lf.	2	1	1	1	0	0	1
Nolan, lf.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Weitzen, p.	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
Shoop, cf.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gelhausen, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	22	5	4	9	15	2	2

Privates	AB	R	H	Sb	Po	A	E
Kaczmark	2	1	1	1	8	2	1
Miles	3	1	2	3	0	4	0

Allen	3	1	2	1	7	1	0
Wieland	2	1	0	1	0	1	0
Bundy	3	1	0	1	0	0	2
Gall	3	1	0	2	0	0	0
Swift	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Norton	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
Heiderscheid	3	0	2	2	0	0	0
Fowler	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hogan	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	25	7	8	12	15	8	3

Privates	2	1	3	0	1	7
Non-Coms	1	1	0	3	0	5

Summary: Three-base hit—Kaczmark. Left on bases—Privates, 5; Non-Coms, 3. First base on ball—Off Miles, 1; off McBride, 1; off Weitzen, 1. Struck out—By Miles, 8; by McBride, 1; by Weitzen, 10. Passed balls—Cunningham, 2; Kaczmark, 2. Umpire—Capt. Wilcox.

Post Nine at Asheville Today

This afternoon the Post nine will meet the boys from Kenilworth Hospital in a baseball game. It is pretty hard to predict the result of the game now, for we have been unable to learn anything about the team they are going to put up against us. With Fo'ey or Archer pitching and with good support in the in and out field our chances of winning are mighty good.

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“THE ANTICS OF ANN”
PATHE NEWS NO. 43

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In
“UNDER THE YOKE”
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TION—ALWAYS GOOD
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—FRIDAY, AUGUST 9—
MARY PICKFORD
In
“STELLA MARIS”
PATHE NEWS NO. 44
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—SATURDAY, AUGUST 10—
“HOUSE OF HATE,” No. 11
Charlie Chaplin
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